

The Monthly Musical Record.

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JOACHIM RAFF'S SYMPHONY

NO. 4, IN G MINOR, OP. 167. (18/2)

BY J. S. SHEDLOCK, B.A.

THIS symphony, like No. 2, in C major, speaks for itself without the aid of any explanatory introduction, and we may add, fares none the worse on this account. It contains ideas and developments of a high character, and must be regarded as a valuable addition to the so-called class of absolute music.

The first movement (*allegro*) opens at once with the principal subject, the first phrase being announced in soft tones by the violoncellos and double-basses, without harmony. The theme is then taken up by the first violins, and harmonised thus:—

No. 1.



It flows on in a similar strain until interrupted by a syncopated *forte* passage for full orchestra:—

No. 2.



The transition from G minor to the relative major key, B flat, is effected by means of a short enharmonic passage, on which is thrown, so to speak, the shadow of the coming phrase for wind instruments (see next extract). This passage recurs in the middle or development section, and is in fact the only form in which the relative major subject is represented in that portion of the *allegro*. The key of B flat being firmly established, the *real* subject commences with a lovely phrase (*piano and staccato*) for flutes, clarinets, horns, and bassoons, and at the fifth bar the violoncellos introduce a quiet counter-theme, of which the "*cantando*" style and marked phrasing contrast in an effective manner with the *mouvement saccadé* of the wind:—

No. 3.



55



In the above extract of close harmony, we have omitted the clarinet and horn parts after the first bar, in order to indicate more clearly the violoncello solo and its combination with the wind phrase.

These two ideas are worked together for thirteen bars longer, coming to a full close on the tonic. Raff, ever fertile in themes, now continues with the following fresh and pleasing idea, for horns and clarinets, accompanied in a florid manner by the strings:—

No. 4.



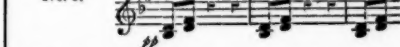
Then a short and vigorous passage for full orchestra, and a charming coda in which the melody just quoted (Ex. 4) is happily combined with the figure of wind theme (Ex. 3) beginning thus:—

No. 5.



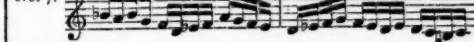
The composer seems loth to conclude. The panting rhythm gradually subsides, until we only hear—

No. 6.



The middle part opens with four bars (based on a fragment of the principal theme) which clearly indicate the key of B minor; yet in the fifth bar the flutes start off with the theme in F sharp minor; a similar surprise occurs a little later on (p. 27, score). Throughout the whole of this "working out" section, the successful blending together of creative and scientific elements, and the careful observance of the laws of contrast and gradation in every detail of rhythm and modulation, combine to produce a most pleasing, interesting, as well as ingenious piece of workmanship. It contains a new figure of considerable importance:—

No. 7.

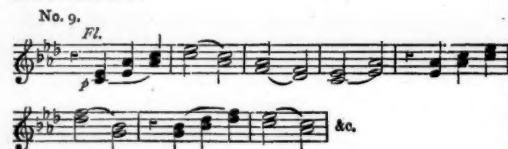


which, after receiving fugal treatment, serves as a connecting link between the principal theme (Ex. 1) and the modification of wind phrase (Ex. 3), being made to combine with each in turn. After a long pedal passage, the first subject returns with slight alterations, followed by the second subject, according to the usual form, in the key of G major. The movement terminates with a long but very interesting coda, full of clever combinations, among which the new figure just mentioned plays a most important part.

A brief notice must be given of the second movement, the scherzo, which, if not particularly remarkable as regards conception of idea, will doubtless please; for the themes are simple, and the orchestration light and graceful. There are no brusque modulations, disturbing rhythms, or mysterious thematic combinations. The quaver figure of the scherzo is, however, introduced in the trio, yet without the unpleasant suggestion of pre-ordination. We give a few bars of the scherzo:—



and of the trio:—



After the repetition of the scherzo, the movement concludes with a very short coda.

The third movement (*andante, non troppo mosso, 3-4*) opens with a simple and graceful theme of sixteen bars, commencing thus:—



Four variations on this theme then follow: the *first* for solo bassoon; the *second* for solo hautboy; the *third* for flutes, hautboys, and clarinets, accompanied by the strings in arpeggio chords, while double-basses and bassoons complete the harmonies; and the *fourth* in syncopated rhythm for full orchestra. To these succeeds a new melody in the key of the sub-median, beginning thus:—



After a short intermediate phrase commencing with imitative passages for first and second violins, the above-quoted phrase is repeated, the melody being assigned to the violins, flutes, and clarinets.

A return is made to the key of C minor, and then we come to a short but interesting development of a portion of the principal theme, to which is added an interesting double counterpoint in the octave. A *forte* and *crescendo* passage brings us to another variation of the opening

theme. The first strain in C major is given in loud and jubilant tones by full orchestra, and terminates in the key of E major, when the strings continue in the following delicate manner:—



This variation closes in the key of C major, and is followed by a repetition of the whole of the middle subject (Ex. 11) in the same key.

Raff's fertile imagination seems really inexhaustible, for the principal theme is again presented to us in two clever variations—the first in C minor, the second in C major. A short and most elegant coda concludes the movement. We are fully aware that our description of all these interesting variations is very imperfect and unsatisfactory, but we must remind the reader that the same may be said even of the best verbal descriptions of music. How often in an article of this kind do we meet with phrases such as—*For a better comprehension of this passage, we must refer the reader to the score; or, A much longer quotation would be necessary to give an adequate idea, &c.; or again, No words can give any idea of this passage, &c.* The object of an analysis is simply to create interest which may be more fully satisfied by perusing the score, and (when practicable) by listening to a performance of the work in question.

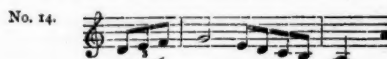
Apologising for this digression, we now proceed to notice the fourth and concluding movement.

We first get an allegro of two pages (score) beginning with a few bars of the first subject (Ex. 1) of the opening movement, followed by a recitative passage for violoncellos.

Passing on from this *souvenir* of the choral symphony, we come to the finale (*vivace*), which, after a few introductory bars, commences with the following lively rondo theme:—



This phrase (as indicated in above quotation) is now repeated by the first bassoon, and after a short strain in B minor, is taken up again by the bassoon and tenors, and immediately afterwards by the full orchestra. Space forbids mention of the varied interesting features of the accompaniment at each reappearance of the theme. A somewhat dry figure is introduced:—



which in the course of an extended development becomes really interesting. We are now brought to the dominant

and introduced in a charming manner to the following melodious middle subject:—

No. 15.



A vigorous passage for the strings leads us back to the first key and the principal theme, which is first played by a hautboy and a flute as a canon in the octave above, and afterwards by full orchestra as before.

We now reach the middle section of the movement, of which a very brief description must be given.

It consists of two parts. In the first a new subject is introduced, beginning thus:—

No. 16.



This theme is developed in a pleasing manner for some little time, and in the clearness of its rhythm and tonality affords a striking contrast to the maze of contrapuntal entanglement into which we are about to enter. This second part of the section consists of a development of figure (Ex. 14), in the course of which it receives the addition of no less than three counter-subjects, all of which are worked together in most elaborate fashion.

We are led back by a long series of modulations to the original key (G major). Instead of the appearance of the principal theme (Ex. 13) as we should have expected, the middle subject enters followed by the vigorous passage before noticed. A sudden change of time to 3-2 for seven bars, during which the horn gives a reminiscence of first subject of first movement, brings us to *alla breve* time, in which our principal theme reappears metamorphosed thus:—

No. 17.

Fl. & Ob.



A short stringendo passage leads to a most brilliant coda (*un poco più mosso*), at the commencement of which the horns and trumpets give figure of theme (Ex. 16) in augmentation, while the triplet crotchet movement is kept up by the wind with unabated energy, accompanied by strings in syncopation. One more change takes place. The time becomes *ancora più mosso*, the triplets cease, and an energetic stretto built on figure of Ex. 16 just mentioned, but in original crotchets, brings this interesting movement and the whole symphony to a conclusion.

LOHENGRIN.

THE interest which the presentation of this world-renowned opera at both our Italian Opera Houses has excited in musical circles, and the undoubted success which has attended it, will render the season of 1875 a memorable one in the annals of opera in London. At the same time, this tardy fulfilment of a promise first put forth in 1864 by the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, and as often as not repeated in subsequent seasons by one or the other or both of our Italian Opera directors, and as often broken, affords but a melancholy proof of how far, with all our boasted insight and intelligence, England is behindhand in musical matters. It is not to be wondered at, however, that our Opera directors should have denied Wagner a hearing as long as they could do so with a good grace. Apart from the difficulties attending the production of his works, arising from their difference of style from that which Italian singers are accustomed to, they seem to have had not only the dread of failure before their eyes, but also the possible results of success, it having been predicted by some that should Wagner's operas prove successful, they would empty their theatres for all other operas. Of this, however, there seems to be no fear; in London, as well as in Vienna, it has been proved that there are audiences to be found for everything that has won a sufficient notoriety elsewhere—for Verdi's *Requiem*, and Moody and Sankey, no less than for Wagner's *Lohengrin*. From whatever motive either *Lohengrin* or *Tannhäuser* has been made to figure so often in our Opera prospectuses since 1864—whether this has been with the view to excite curiosity respecting them, or, as is more probable, to prevent their being given by a German company—it matters not, *Lohengrin* has at last made its way here—but in an Italian dress. That it should not have been first heard in its original tongue cannot but be regretted, at least by those who have familiarised themselves with it in Germany; but to others this seems to have made less difference than might have been anticipated, so many are there who are accustomed to listen to operas in a language which they can often neither hear nor understand. That the work, which has risen in favour with each repetition, has met with a success far exceeding the most sanguine expectations, cannot for a moment be questioned. That in due course *Lohengrin* will be followed by *Der Fliegende Holländer* and *Tannhäuser* there can hardly be a doubt. Whether it be true or not, as has been hinted, that the warm reception accorded to it is mainly due to the efforts of Wagner's compatriots, the fact seems to have established itself that there is a public in London for Wagner's operas, even when they are only to be heard in Italian.

Wagner's ideas and theories have been so fully put forth in former pages of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD as well as elsewhere; in connection with its late performances, *Lohengrin* has been so fully reported upon and discussed by the daily papers; and the music has been made so accessible by the publication of cheap editions of the pianoforte score, as well as of numerous arrangements by Liszt, Raff, &c., that in speaking of the work at this date we feel that there is little call for us to repeat a description of it, and that therefore it is better to restrict our remarks in the main to such points as seem to us to have been overlooked or insufficiently dwelt upon by others.

First, as to the poet-composer's libretto. Too little stress seems to have been laid upon its worth and beauty as a dramatic poem, in consequence, no doubt, of its having first come before many of us in an Italian translation. Apart from all musical considerations, the vast

field for study opened out by the poetic material alone of Wagner's dramatic works, and which must have led many to the perusal of Professor Max Müller's interesting book on "Comparative Mythology," and similar works, is a strong point in their favour. It would be an interesting task to trace the subject-matter of *Lohengrin* to its original sources, which would probably be found to lie in some such old-world story as that of Zeus and Semele, if indeed it take us not back even to the time of Adam and Eve. By Wagner it was derived, with some slight modifications, from the great "Parcival" of Wolfram von Eschenbach, one of the most famous of the Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. In this it appears as an episode consisting of a compilation of several legends. For those able to decipher the obsolete dialect in which it was written, it would be interesting to read it in the original; for the benefit of others we append an English version of the story, as it occurs in Von Eschenbach's poem (verses 24, 614—24, 715), extracted from G. Baring Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages;" it runs as follows:—

The Duke of Limburg and Brabant died, leaving an only daughter, Else. On his deathbed he committed her to the care of Frederick von Telramund, a brave knight, who had overcome a dragon in Sweden. After the duke's death, Frederick claimed the hand of Else, on the plea that it had been promised him; but when she refused it, he appealed to the emperor, Henry, the Fowler, asking permission to assert his right in the lists against any champion Else might select.

Permission was granted, and the duchess looked in vain for a knight who would fight in her cause against the redoubted Frederick of Telramund.

Then, far away, in the sacred temple of the Grail, at Montsalvatsch, tolled the bell, untouched by human hands—a signal that help was needed. At once Lohengrin, son of Percival, was sent to the rescue; but whither to go he knew not. He stood, foot in stirrup, ready to mount, when a swan appeared on the river, drawing a ship along. No sooner did Lohengrin behold this, than he exclaimed, "Take back the horse to its stable; I will go with the bird whither it shall lead!"

Trusting in God, he took no provision on board. After he had been five days on the water the swan caught a fish, ate half, and gave the other half to the knight.

In the meanwhile the day of ordeal approached, and Else fell into despair. But at the hour when the lists were opened, there appeared the boat drawn by the silver swan; and in the little vessel lay Lohengrin asleep upon his shield. The swan drew the boat to the landing, the knight awoke, sprang ashore, and then the bird swam away with the vessel.

Lohengrin, as soon as he heard the story of the misfortunes of the Duchess Else, undertook to fight for her. The Knight of the Grail prevailed, and slew Frederick. Then Else surrendered herself and her duchy to him; but he would only accept her hand on condition that she should not ask his race. For some time they lived happily together. One day, in a tournament, he overthrew the Duke of Cleves, and broke his arm, whereat the Duchess of Cleves exclaimed, "This Lohengrin may be a strong man, and a Christian, but who knows whence he has sprung?" These words reached the ears of the Duchess of Brabant; she coloured, and hung her head.

At night, Lohengrin heard her sobbing. He asked, "My love, what ails thee?"

She replied, "The Duchess of Cleves has wounded me." Lohengrin asked no more.

Next night she wept again; her husband again asked the reason, and received the same answer.

On the third night she burst forth with, "Husband, be not angry, but I must know whence you have sprung."

Then Lohengrin told her that his father was Percival, and that God had sent him from the custody of the Grail. And he called his children to him, and said, kissing them, "Here are my horn and my sword, keep them carefully; and here, my wife, is the ring my mother gave me—never part with it."

Now, at break of day, the swan reappeared on the river, drawing the little shallop. Lohengrin re-entered the boat, and departed, never to return.

We are enabled to supply some important particulars in relation to the composition of the music of *Lohengrin*,

derived from the original full score which Wagner confided to the care of Liszt when he was forced to flee from Dresden, at the time of the Revolution of 1848—49. The dates given therein, in Wagner's own handwriting, are as follow:—Instrumental Introduction: finished, 28th August (no year named). First Act: begun, 12th May, 1847; finished, 8th June, 1847. Second Act: begun, 18th June, 1847; finished, 2nd August, 1847. Third Act: begun in Dresden, 9th September, 1846; finished, 5th March, 1847. Hence it will be seen that Wagner commenced with the composition of the third Act, then that of the first, then the second, and, presumably, wrote the introduction last of all. Each act, it will be observed, was completed in an astonishingly rapid manner, and the entire work within a year.

The first performance of *Lohengrin*, for which we are indebted to Liszt's wondrous instinct and prescience, took place, under his direction, at Weimar, on the 28th August, 1850. It will be within the truth to add, that since that date it has never been heard in its entirety, for the reason that it then contained several pieces (to wit, a chorus and a long solo for Lohengrin in the third act, &c.) which do not appear in the published score. And as it stands there it has only been on rare occasions that it has come to a complete hearing even in Germany. We should not, therefore, perhaps complain that it has been presented to us here in an abbreviated form, but that the excisions which have been adopted, especially those at Drury Lane, might have been more judiciously made, there can be no question.

Between the performances at our Italian Opera Houses we think there was not much to choose. While that at Covent Garden was on the grander scale, and the most complete, that at Drury Lane was the most compact, and, in some respects, the most finished. Both suffered from the absence of a conductor accustomed to Wagner's works. With Von Bülow in London, a grand opportunity was missed. Had he been entrusted with the production of the work, or even had his counsel been sought, with the material at hand at either house, in the way of vocal resources, orchestra, and decoration, we might have had such a performance of *Lohengrin* (barring its being in Italian) as has probably never yet been given. By the side of much executive display of the highest excellence on the part of several of the leading characters, and with a gorgeous and costly *mise-en-scène*, there was much to condemn on the score of coarseness on the part of band and chorus, and of mistaken tempi, Sir Michael Costa often taking passages as much too slow as they were hurried by Sig. Vianesi. If, however, we take into consideration the difficulties arising from the work being one of a character so entirely strange and opposed to the feelings of nearly all concerned in its performance, it may fairly be averred that its presentation has resulted in additional credit to both establishments. But, curiously enough, what was among its most satisfactory points at the one house was among its weakest at the other. Thus, without speaking disparagingly of the general powers of Mme. Nilsson and Mlle. d'Angeri, it may be averred that Mlle. Albani's impersonation of Elsa was the leading feature of the Covent Garden performance, just as Mlle. Titiens' conception of the part of Ortrud was the most striking at Drury Lane. Except for the tremulousness of voice displayed by Sig. Nicolini, latterly replaced by Sig. Carpi, at Covent Garden, the part of Lohengrin has been well filled at both houses, Sig. Campanini being the impersonator of it at Drury Lane. M. Maurel at Covent Garden, and Sig. Galassi at Drury Lane, were both good as Telramund; but Herr Behrens, as the King at Drury Lane, was as much superior to Herr Seidemann

at Covent Garden as Sig. Capponi, as the Herald at the latter, was superior to Sig. Costa in the same rôle at the former.

To attempt anything like a critical description of the music of *Lohengrin* would carry us far beyond the limits of a single article. We must, therefore, be content with the brief statement of our opinion—gained from repeated hearings in Germany, during the last twenty years, of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Das Rheingold*, and *Die Walküre*—that in its worth as a musical drama *Lohengrin* has only been surpassed by some of Wagner's later creations.

The production of *Lohengrin* in London, exciting, as it has done, additional curiosity respecting Wagner's works, seems to have fallen in the very nick of time. That it will decide many to attend the *Niblung* performances at Bayreuth next year who would not otherwise have thought of doing so, there can be little doubt. Having proved so unprecedented a success, and having doubtless added greatly to the coffers of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, it is to be hoped that, as a thank-offering, these gentlemen, following the example of their brother-managers in Germany, will, before the close of the season, institute a performance in aid of Wagner's gigantic and much talked-of Bayreuth scheme.

A PILGRIMAGE TO BEETHOVEN.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Concluded from page 84.)

THERE I was, in the sanctuary. The miserable dilemma, however, in which the Briton had placed me deprived me of the happy self-consciousness that was necessary to enable me to enjoy my good fortune. As far as externals went the impression Beethoven made was not one calculated to call forth ease and confidence of manner. The indoor clothes he had on did not look over-neat, and he wore a red woollen scarf round his body; his long, stiff, grey hair was all matted and tangled, while his sinister, unfriendly air was far from fitted to relieve me of my embarrassment. We sat down beside a table that was covered with writing materials.

We all three seemed uncomfortable, and no one spoke. It was evident that Beethoven was displeased at having to entertain two instead of one.

At length he opened the conversation by inquiring in a rough voice—

"You come from L—?"

I was going to answer, but he interrupted me by placing a sheet of paper and a pencil ready to my hand, and adding—

"Write; I cannot hear."

I knew of Beethoven's deafness, and was prepared for it. None the less the words, "I cannot hear," uttered in his harsh and broken voice, went to my heart like a knife. To lead a poverty-stricken and joyless existence, to stand above all in knowledge of the might of sound, and to be compelled to say, "I cannot hear!" In an instant the secret of Beethoven's exterior was revealed to me. I understood the furrows that sorrow had ploughed on his cheeks, the bitter melancholy of his glance, the determined hardness of his lip—he *could not hear*.

Flurried, and not knowing what I did, I scrawled a few

words, begging him to excuse me, and explaining somewhat the circumstances that had led to my appearing with the Englishman as a companion. The latter, meanwhile, was sitting tranquil and contented opposite Beethoven, who, after having glanced through what I had written, turned upon him with some vehemence and inquired what his business with him might be.

"I have the honour—" the Briton responded.

"I don't understand you," Beethoven broke in sharply; "I cannot hear, and cannot speak much either. Write down what you want with me."

The Englishman reflected calmly for a second, and then drew his neat roll of music from his pocket, and said to me—

"That's all right. You take the pencil, and tell Herr Beethoven that I beg him to look through my composition; if there is anything in it he does not like, will he have the kindness to put a cross against it?"

His request I wrote down word for word, in the hope of getting rid of him; and so it was. After Beethoven had read it, he laid the Englishman's composition on the table with a queer smile, gave a short nod, and said, "I will send it."

This put my gentleman in the best of humours. He rose, made a particularly splendid bow, and took his leave. I drew a long breath—he was gone.

Now for the first time did I feel that I was in the sanctuary. Even Beethoven's face took a more genial aspect. He gazed at me for a moment in silence, and then began—

"The Briton has given you a great deal of annoyance?" he said. "Take comfort from me; these travelling Englishmen have tormented me beyond endurance. To-day they'll come and see a poor musician in the same way that they'll go to-morrow to look at a curious animal. For your sake I am sorry that I confounded you with him. You wrote that you were pleased with my compositions. I was glad to hear that, for nowadays I hardly expect that people will be taken with what I write."

The kind familiarity of his address soon relieved me from my embarrassment; his simple words brought a thrill of joy. I wrote that I was certainly not the only one so full of hot enthusiasm for all his creations; that, for instance, there was nothing I would prize so highly as to be able to procure my native town the honour and delight of his presence; in that case he would be in a position to recognise the effect his works had produced on a wider public.

"I dare say," Beethoven answered, "that my compositions are more to the taste of Northern Germany. I am often vexed with the Viennese; they hear too much rubbish every day to be always inclined to give earnest attention to work of an earnest kind."

I wanted to contradict him, and told how I had been the day before to see *Fidelio*, and what frank enthusiasm the Viennese public had shown.

"Hm! hm!" the master growled. "*Fidelio*! I know, however, that it is only a fit of vanity that makes the good people clap their hands just now; for they have got it into their heads that the transformation of this opera I have effected is due to the advice they gave. Now they want to reward me for my pains, and so they shout bravo. They are a pretty good-natured race, and little burdened with knowledge; and that is the reason I would rather have them round me than cleverer folk. Well, do you like *Fidelio*?"

I informed him of the impression the representation of the previous day had left upon me, and remarked that through the additions he had made the effect of the whole had been splendidly enriched.

"Thankless sort of work," Beethoven replied. "I am not an operatic composer; at least, I do not know of any theatre in the world for which I should like to write another opera. If I were to write an opera after my own heart, people would run away; there would be no airs in it, no duets, tirades—none, in short, of all the stuff with which they tinker up operas at the present day; and as to what I would substitute, there is not a single singer that would sing it, nor a public that would listen. All they are accustomed to are gilded lies, brilliant nonsense, sugared vacuity. If any one wrote a true musical drama he would be thought a fool, and would be one in reality if, instead of keeping a thing of that kind to himself, he brought it before the public."

"And how might one set to work," I asked warmly, "to produce such a musical drama?"

"Do as Shakespeare did with his," was his almost vehement answer. He then continued, "Whoever makes it his business to supply females with passable voices with all kinds of showy trash, the sort of thing that brings them *brave* and applause, ought to drop composing, go to Paris, and turn women's tailor. For my part, I have no turn for matters of that sort. I know thoroughly well that the wise are in consequence of opinion that, though I am pretty well at instrumental music, I shall never be at home with vocal. They are right, as under vocal they only understand opera-music; and heaven preserve me from any nearer acquaintance with such balderdash!"

I here took the liberty of asking whether he really believed that anybody, after hearing his *Adelaida*, could venture to deny the splendid capacity he possessed for vocal music.

"Well," he answered, after a brief pause, "*Adelaida* and the like are, after all, only trifles, that give the professionals into whose hands they soon fall an opportunity of displaying the tricks of their art. But why should not vocal music grow into as grand a whole as instrumental, become something that would be as much respected by the frivolous singing folk as, for instance, a symphony by an orchestra? The human voice is there for us. Indeed, it is a more exquisite and more noble organ of sound than any the orchestra can boast. Ought we not to be able to make just as independent a use of the one as of the other? What wholly new results might one achieve by so doing! The character of the human voice, which is necessarily so distinct from what we find in instruments, could then be more especially cultivated and developed, and the most manifold of combinations be attained. Instruments represent sound in the primitive simplicity of the dawn of being; what they express can never be laid hold of and clearly defined, for they render the elements of life as it grew out of the chaos of the earlier creation when, perchance, there was not even one human being to take them to his heart. The genius of the human voice is quite a different thing: it gives man's nature with its secluded, individual emotions. Its character is therefore more limited, but distinct and definite. Let these two elements be brought together and united. To the wild and boundless impulses of early being, as represented by the instruments, let the distinct and definite emotion of the human heart be opposed as represented by the voice. The addition of this latter will have a softening and genial influence on the war of primitive sensation, and will force the cataract of sound into a defined and united course; the human heart, on the other hand, living into elemental being, will be largely the gainer, both in

strength and grasp, and be able to resolve the misty diversity that has floated before it into a distinct and thoroughly felt consciousness of the Most Highest."

Here Beethoven's voice failed him, and he paused for a few seconds. With a gentle sigh, he then continued—

"I must confess that in attempting this task one encounters evils little thought of. For singing, words are needed; but who would be able to put that poetry into words that is at the root of such a union of all elements? Poetry must thus recede into the background, for words are too weak to play such a part. You will soon have in your hands a new piece of mine which will recall what I have just said. It is a symphony with choruses. I call your attention to the difficulty I have had in overcoming the unlucky insufficiency of the poetry I had to make use of. I determined at last to take Schiller's splendid hymn, 'An die Freude'; that, at any rate, is a noble and elevating poem, though it is very far from expressing what in truth, in this case, no verses that were ever made could express."

Up to this moment I can hardly realise the delight I felt at hearing Beethoven himself give me these hints to a fuller comprehension of that last gigantic symphony of his, which at that time was at most barely completed, and as yet unknown to any one. I expressed my enthusiastic gratitude for this assuredly rare condescension. I told him at the same time what a thrilling and joyous surprise it was for me to hear from his own lips that we could look forward to a new masterpiece from his pen. My eyes filled with tears—I could have knelt down before him.

Beethoven seemed to be conscious of my emotion. He threw me a glance half sad, half slyly humorous, and said—

"You can defend me when people begin to talk of my new work. Remember me; the wise folk will think that I am mad, or, at all events, say that I am. You see, however, Mr. R—, that I am not exactly insane yet, though it is quite possible that I am wretched enough to become so. People want me to write what they imagine to be good and beautiful; they do not consider that a poor deaf creature like myself must have thoughts of his own; that it is impossible for me to compose otherwise than out of my own heart—and that I can neither feel nor understand what they call beautiful," he added ironically, "is just that in which I am peculiarly unfortunate."

With these words he rose and began pacing up and down with short, quick steps. Moved to the depths of my nature, I also rose, trembling all over. It would have been altogether beyond my power to have continued our conversation, either by writing or gesture. I became conscious that the moment had come when a prolongation of my visit might become impertinent. To write down expressions of heartfelt gratitude and leave-taking seemed to me to savour too much of chilly forethought; I contented myself with taking my hat, stepping before Beethoven, and leaving him to read in my face what was passing within.

He appeared to understand me. "Are you going?" he said. "Will you make any stay in Vienna?" I wrote that this visit had been the sole aim of my journey, and that now that he had vouchsafed me such an extraordinary reception, I was only too delighted to feel that my object was attained, and that therefore I counted on setting out on the following day.

He answered, smilingly, "In your letter you told me how you got the money for this trip; you should stay in Vienna and write *galops*: that sort of thing goes down capitally here."

I explained to him that there was an end to all that

now, as I knew nothing further that could be worth such a sacrifice.

"Well, well," he answered, "we shall see. I am an old fool not to manufacture them; I should be better off. As long as I keep on in this fashion I shall be half-starved. I wish you a pleasant journey," he continued; "remember me, and in all your sorrows comfort yourself with the recollection of mine."

Moved to tears, I was about to take my leave, when he exclaimed, "Stop! Let us settle with the musical Englishman! Let us see where to put the crosses!"

With these words he took up the roll the Briton had left, and ran his eye smilingly through it; thereupon he folded it up carefully, wrapped it in a sheet of paper, seized a thick quill, and drew a gigantic cross over the whole breadth of the wrapper. He then handed it to me, saying—

"Please return that masterpiece to its fortunate owner! He is an ass, and yet I envy him his long ears. Good-bye, my friend, and keep a kindly recollection of me."

Therewith he dismissed me. I quitted his room and the house.

At the inn I found the Englishman's servant busy packing his master's trunks in the travelling chariot. His object was also attained. I had to confess that *he* too had shown perseverance. I hurried to my room and prepared likewise to betake myself on the morrow to my long tramp afoot. I could not help laughing out loud when I looked at the cross on the back of the Englishman's composition. For all that, the cross was a souvenir of Beethoven, and I grudged it to the evil genius of my pilgrimage. My mind was quickly made up. I took off the wrapper, looked up my galops, and folded them in this fatal cover. To the Englishman I sent his composition just as it was, accompanying it with a note to the effect that Beethoven had said that he could only envy him, and that he did not know where a cross should be placed.

As I was leaving the inn, I saw him who had been herald of so much ill to me just getting into his carriage.

"Good-bye!" he cried. "You have been of great service to me. I am glad I got to know Herr Beethoven. Will you come with me to Italy?"

"What are you going there for?" I asked in answer.

"I want to get to know Monsieur Rossini, for he is a very celebrated composer."

"Good luck to you!" I cried; "I know Beethoven, and that is enough for my life."

We parted. I threw one last yearning glance towards the home of Beethoven, and wandered away northwards with heart purified and ennobled.

[In correction of a misapprehension into which some of our readers have apparently fallen with regard to the origin and intention of "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven," it seems well to state that it was his disgust with the condition of musical art in Paris, when he was there as a young man, that first led Wagner to authorship. In his pamphlet, "Eine Mittheilung an meine Freunde" (A Communication to my Friends), he writes:—"In order to enable me to earn a little money, the publisher of the *Gazette Musicale* engaged me to make arrangements of favourite melodies, as well as to write articles for his paper. Both were equally acceptable to him, but not so to me. I regarded the first kind of work as my lowest degradation, and therefore seized upon the latter as a means of wreaking my vengeance upon this degradation. After contributing several miscellaneous musical articles, I wrote a kind of art-novel, 'A Pilgrimage to Beethoven,' and followed it up with a second, 'The End of a Musician in Paris.' Under the guise of fiction, and with some humour, I pictured therein the fate which in Paris threatened to bring me to the verge of death by starvation, but from which, at all events, I happily escaped. What I wrote was at every point a cry of revolt against the condition of modern art. That it has proved entertaining I have been fully assured."—ED. M.M.R.]

NOTE ON THE SUITABLE PROPORTIONS AND DIMENSIONS OF A VIOLIN BOW.

BY W. S. E. WOOLHOUSE.

FOR some years back I have given considerable attention to the proper magnitude and proportions of a violin bow. The valuable properties of the bow, quite as much as those of the instrument, are dependent upon the essential principle of free vibration. And again, perfect freedom of vibration cannot exist unless the bow is well-proportioned throughout its entire length. The slightest irregularity in the thickness at any point will necessarily obstruct the passage of the waves of vibration, and present an impediment to anything like complete staccato playing, the same being not only undecided, but restricted to a limited portion of the stick, and from the same cause a certain want of freedom will be experienced in each and every variety of bowing.

The bows that have been held most in repute are the justly celebrated bows of Tourte, and I therefore took some of the best examples of that maker as a general guide for dimensions. I shall here briefly state the results of my investigations.

If measurements be taken in millimetres, and h denote the distance of any part of the bow from the head, the diameter of the bow at that point, supposing it to be round, may be calculated from the formula:—

$$\text{Diameter} = 5.08 \{ \log. (h + 184) - 1.2150 \}$$

If the measurements be taken in inches and parts of an inch, and h again denote the distance from the head, then—

$$\text{Diameter} = .2 \{ \log. (h + 7.25) - 9.8100 \}$$

From this formula for a scale of inches the numbers in the last column of the following table were calculated:—

Distance from Head of Bow.			Diameter.
Violin.	Viola.	Vcllo.	
Inch.	Inch.	Inch.	Inch.
0	0	0	.210
2	0	0	.230
4	1½	0	.247
6	3	1	.262
9	5	3	.280
13	8	5½	.300
18	11½	9	.318
23	15	12	.333
	19	16	.348
	23	20	.360
		24	.370

After reaching the last distance stated in the table, which will be found to extend to near the lapping of the bow, the diameter of the stick is not required to increase any further. Thus, for a violin bow at twenty-three inches from the head, the diameter of the stick is just .333, or one-third of an inch, and it continues of the same thickness past the nut to the extremity or tip. And a similar remark applies to the viola and violoncello bows, after arriving at the lapping, where the stick ceases to be conical and becomes cylindrical.

To reduce the matter of measurement to easy practical use, I constructed a bow-gauge, from the results shown in this table, by carefully filing square notches, of the exact

dimensions, in a slab of ivory; and a number of bows have been manufactured accordingly by the eminent maker Mr. J. Tubbs, with the greatest possible success.

The chief point to observe, in the first instance, is the selection of wood, which should, of course, be without any flaw; and the neck of the bow should go as near as possible with the grain or fibre of the wood. The thicknesses given by the gauge are adapted to wood of an average texture. For close and dense wood the dimensions should be somewhat diminished, or, what is practically better, and amounts to the same thing, the distances from the head should, for dense wood, be increased by half an inch or an inch, as the case may be, before applying the gauge. Whether a bow be heavy or light may be fairly ascertained by consulting the following table of weights:—

	Weight of Bow for		
	Viola.	Viola.	Vcllo.
	Grains.	Grains.	Grains.
Light	850	1,000	1,150
Medium	900	1,050	1,200
Heavy	950	1,100	1,250

The corresponding lengths, including the head and tip, should be—

Violin Bow	29½ inches.
Viola "	28¾ "
Violoncello Bow	28 "

The adjustment of the spring of the bow is an operation that requires some skill and judgment to give the stick the correct curve. The curvature should increase at an accelerating rate from the nut to the point; and the true form might be ascertained thus:—Let a bow be made of the proper dimensions, but so as to be perfectly straight; then by screwing it up in the ordinary way, it would show, upside-down, the exact curve to which other bows should be set.

The bows of Tourte are always beautifully made, and are generally found to be near when tested with the gauge, but they are seldom exact at all points.

Foreign Correspondence.

MUSIC IN NORTH GERMANY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LEIPZIG, June, 1875.

SINCE our last letter, four more examination concerts of the pupils of the Conservatoire have taken place at the Gewandhaus. Amongst the number of productions we can mention only the most conspicuous; on the whole, the examinations of this year have given the greatest satisfaction. As the most excellent pianoforte performance, we name that of Beethoven's E flat major concerto, by Herr Hermann Zoch (from Züllichau). Herr Zoch possesses an excellent technique, fine touch, and good musical feeling. An equally admirable performance was that of Schumann's A minor concerto, by Herr Albert Eibenschütz, from Frankfurt-on-the-Main. This time the pianoforte-playing of the ladies did not attain that high degree of perfection which we noticed in the performance of the gentlemen. A very young lady, from Leipzig, Frä. Martha Hermann, played Weber's Concertstück in F minor excellently at the rehearsal, while her performance at the concert showed considerable nervousness. Miss

Melly Bridges, from London, gave us a capital rendering of the second and third movements of Chopin's F minor concerto with considerable technique, which was, however, marred with too much *tempo rubato*. The principal violin performances were those by Herr Arno Hilf, from Elster (first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto), and by Herr Henry Heyman, from Oakland, in California (first movement of Mendelssohn's concerto). We have mentioned Herr Hilf in our former notices as one of our most talented violin students. Herr Heyman has made great progress during the last year, and with his present performance he has obtained general recognition. The performance of De Beriot's A minor concerto by Marzell Rossi (aged thirteen years) was also very interesting. This boy possesses extraordinary talent for the violin, and has already obtained a pure and graceful technique. Herr Samuel Streletski, from the Hague, deserves the prize amongst the violoncellists of the Conservatoire. This young man played variations on Russian songs by Davidoff in an artistically finished manner.

Since the appointment of Professor Schimon at the Conservatoire, the instruction in singing has made great advance. This was proved by the vocal performances, of which we must notice an aria, from Gluck's *Paris and Helena*, rendered by Frä. Helene Mueller, from Fever, as by far the finest and best. Frä. Mueller possesses all the qualities required by a good singer. She has a melodious and sympathetic soprano voice, which, although not of extraordinary compass, is of an even quality throughout. Her intonation is pure, and her performance full of feeling. We can also praise the performance of Frä. Jakoba Brockmann, from Amsterdam, in the aria, "Deh per questo istante," from Mozart's *Titus*. This young lady is endowed with a beautiful alto voice of rare extent and great beauty. In former notices we have spoken with great approbation of Frä. Clara Degener, from Brunswick. Her recent performance fully confirms the good opinion already expressed. Amongst the best compositions of the pupils that were produced was a Kyrie for chorus, solos, and string orchestra, by Mr. Bertram Luard-Selby, from Tonbridge. It proved an eminent success, and decidedly shows talent for composition. Natural invention, choice, yet not far-fetched in expression, it is a well-developed and melodious composition, deriving its principal attraction from its euphonious details. Three movements of a string quartett (allegro, allegro and scherzo), by Herr Fritz Steinbach, from Grünsfeld in Baden, as well as a first movement from a string quartett (E flat major), by Herr Michael von Kolatschewsky, from Kremenschouk, in Russia, redound to the honour of their young authors. Both have talent and already great attainments. Lastly, we may mention approvingly three songs by Herr Max Fischer, which were excellently sung by Frä. Helene Mueller.

Our Opera is taking the necessary holidays, in order to prepare for the more earnest work awaiting it. At Dresden, we heard, the other night, Kretschmer's new and great opera, *Die Folkunger*. The performance was in all respects highly enjoyable. This work is the most important operatic novelty by one of our younger composers, and its genuine musical contents please, from beginning to end. Kretschmer has chosen his text with great dexterity, and knows well how to compose with effect for the stage, without trying for sensation. The author makes use of all the musical acquisitions of modern times; he has studied Wagner, Meyerbeer, Weber, and Marschner with the greatest success, but he keeps free from all plagiarism. The whole composition is finished with such mastery, that we express with pleasure the feeling of esteem with which the composer of this work inspires us.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, June 12th, 1875.

THIS time it is only the Hofoper which demands our attention. Its new director, Herr Franz Jauner, seems to be the right man in the right place to heal the wounds which threatened the ruin of this precious institution. In other words, there seems good hope that he will succeed in diminishing the formidable deficit which existed. He began by reducing the great and superfluous official list of the administration, and announced to certain singers that their engagements would not be renewed after the expiration of their contract. Consequent upon the variety he has infused into his programme, our good singers have been driven from rehearsal to rehearsal. The result is already apparent: now the house, in spite of the hot weather, is more visited, and singers have become the more active from the dread of the threatening sword which they know to be hanging over their shoulders. Herr Richter, the new Kapellmeister—who has also been nominated conductor of the Philharmonic concerts for next season—has shown his firmness and versatility as a conductor by the performance of works by Wagner, Mozart, Rossini, Weber, Gounod, and others. The rest of the season shows a variety of facts, strong enough to freshen our opera-atmosphere.

As to the operas brought forward, I mention only the excellent representation of *Euryanthe*, *Don Juan*, and *Lohengrin* (*Figaro's Hochzeit* following next, as well as *Aida* in an Italian dress). As guests we have had Frau Mathilde Mallinger, Fräulein Minnie Hauck, the Italian singers mentioned below, and lastly Fräulein Bertha Linda, a ballerina much in favour at Berlin. Frau Mallinger performed the rôles of Elsa, Margarethe, Frau Fluth, and Elisabeth. Wagner's operas being her forte, she pleased most in those rôles, and particularly in *Tannhäuser*. Her declamation is excellent; every word is distinct; her phrasing is faultless, and as an actress she showed a wealth of interesting details. Her voice—and I speak of it wisely at last—has passed the meridian of its power. On this account she has come to us ten years too late; she has lost now to some extent the sensitive faculty of catching the hearer's heart; it is more the intellect which is prominently occupied by her performances. As Elisabeth she won general plaudits, and as it was her last evening, she may well say, "All's well that ends well." Fräulein Hauck, formerly a lovely Rosine and superior soubrette, has become sentimental, as her choice of Mignon, Senta, and Juliette shows. But she has bravely dominated her nature, and her zeal to go on in her career found an echo in the audience, who honoured her with hearty plaudits. Particularly as Senta she gave that sickly character a certain freshness by representing more the love-sick girl; here, and as Juliette also, her acting was very laudable. Herr Schittenhelm, engaged as tenor for minor rôles, made his début as Walther von der Vogelweide. Endowed with a sympathetic voice, he will not fail to advance by studying good masters; meantime, his début was a satisfactory beginning. Fräulein Linda (*recte* Lind, a Viennese) took the admirers of the ballet by storm, as well by her personal charms as also by her manifold bewitching qualities, as grace, elegance, verve, and all the other necessary gifts of a real ballet-nymph.

And now I arrive at the last event of the season, which became quite a torture by its many-sided enthusiasm. Who can number all the different kinds of festival partings and comings of composers, conductors, and singers, and the exciting performances of unusual and great works? For the present I can only speak

of a half-part of the last scene, whose end I shall have to refer to in my next report. I allude to the presence of the one leader of our Opera Houses, the antipode of the great Bayreuth hero. Signor Verdi is here—and we heard yesterday the first performance of his *Requiem* in the great Opera House, which, though the prices were doubled, was filled to the top. The ecstasy rose in high waves; and it would be difficult to say which was more overwhelming—the reception of the famous man, or the signs of approbation at the end of the performance of this his last creation. And yet I dare to say that the impression of the four solo singers at least maintained the balance. Particularly the two ladies, Mlle. Stolz, a native of Prague, and Mlle. Waldman, a Viennese, created a sensation by their beautiful voices and their truly expressive singing; but Sig. Masini and Sig. Medini as well were honoured with repeated discharges of applause. Such voices, sympathetic and strong, every tone given with firmness and precision, showing an excellent school and zealous study, were quite a boon to the hearers and a salutary example to such singers as only know how to advance themselves in their pretensions, but not in their artistic efforts. The performance itself was excellent; Verdi, who already in the repetition expressed his admiration of the orchestra and chorus, must have been as much pleased with the reception of his work, as likewise of himself on this his first appearance in Vienna after some thirty years' absence. The applause was the most tumultuous after the "Recordare," "Jesu pie" (encored), the "Domine Jesu"—offertory—and the "Agnus Dei" (encored). The orchestration of the *Requiem* is that of the modern school; the setting for chorus and vocal parts shows the perfect master; the conducting in all points can be called excellent. But why do I say all this? You have heard the work in London, and know, therefore, what to think of it. It is the reflection of our time. Poor Mozart! he had not even the satisfaction of finishing his master-work, or of hearing it performed. Ill in bed, he had the score brought to him, and began to sing—he himself the alto, his friends Schack, Hofer, and Gerl the other parts. Just at the beginning of the first bars of the "Lacrimosa," Mozart, overwhelmed by feeling that he would not finish the work, began to weep, and laid the score aside. A few hours later (an hour after midnight), and the great man, the Raphael in music, was dead.

Verdi's *Aida* we shall hear on the 17th and 19th of this month with the solo singers mentioned above. The list of the operas performed since the 13th of last month includes:—*Die Meistersinger*, *Martha* (twice), *Faust* (twice), *Nordstern* (twice), *Romeo* (twice), *Rienzi*, *Euryanthe*, *Tannhäuser* (twice), *Hamlet*, *Stumme von Portici*, *Lohengrin* (twice), *Don Juan*, *Mignon*, *Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Fliegende Holländer*, *Jüdin*.

Correspondence.

THE WORKS OF CHOPIN.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD.

SIR,—If we analyse the interest we take in Chopin's music, we shall find it to be a mainly human interest. The reading of his music becomes a psychological study. The smaller pieces especially are like leaves from an autobiography; they are outpourings of the heart, and truer pictures of states of his mind than photography ever produced of outward form.

His art was only the interpreter of his feelings, it did not exist for its own sake. Now compare the loose leaves of the subjective artist who writes the story of his life with his heart's blood, with Goethe's autobiography, which he calls characteristically "Wahrheit und Dichtung." He does not write on the spur of the moment, at the time of the emotion; he lets it pass by and then places it before

his mind as a sculptor places before him a block of marble, chipping and polishing it till it has reached his idea of the beautiful. But although beauty and art gain, truth suffers,—perhaps not the highest kind of truth, that we may call ideal truth, still a kind of truth one would not like to miss.

The man of this moment is a stranger to the previous moment; for the circumstances are no longer the same; his way of thinking has been modified by the experiences of the past. Thus every moment becomes the genitor of a new man. Now, it is in the interest of truth to have a faithful record of men's actual emotions, and not only of what they appeared to the cold reasoner or the imaginative artist afterwards. It is this which makes subjective art so precious.

And now let us try to define the position Chopin occupies among subjective composers. To do this, we will compare him with one who, although a subjective artist, is in some respects his antipode. I mean Beethoven. In him there seems to be focussed the mind and heart of a whole century, of a whole world, with its yearnings, struggles, and noble aspirations, with its unfathomable grief, its heaven-high hopes, and all this crowned with his unbounded love:—

“Seid umschlungen Millionen
Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt

There is a divinely mysterious power in his music, reminding one of the poet's description of the mountain-torrent, that bursts from the rocks with the noise of thunder, tearing along with it trees and boulders, filling the wanderer, who knows not whence it comes, with delightful awe.

Whilst Beethoven's subjectivism embraces, as we have seen, the whole of humanity, that of Chopin is confined to himself, rarely going beyond this, never beyond his nation. Notwithstanding this shortcoming, few who get acquainted with him can resist the fascination of his manner and the amiability and refinement of his feelings. “Selfish and amiable” seems to be a contradiction, but only “seems,” in reality it is not. His selfishness was not a vice, not a fault of the heart, but rather a constitutional weakness; it was not aggressive but passive, manifesting itself not by acts but by inaction. We are willing enough to forgive it, especially where there are so many charming qualities to redeem any shortcoming.

Chopin is, indeed, a very dangerous acquaintance. The morbidity of his feelings, easily imparted to those that too exclusively communicate with him, relaxes our nature and vitiates our taste. A sculptor or painter might as well make the diseased and abnormal appearances of physical nature—which may and generally do in some respect possess surpassing beauties—the principal object of his study, as a musician, Chopin. His influence is so subtle that I am almost tempted to call it feminine. He captivates us by throwing wreaths of flowers around us, which prove on trial stronger than iron chains. We require a counterpoise, which is to be found in strong and healthy men like Beethoven, Bach, and others of the same calibre. Conjointly with these, Chopin will teach and profit us much, show us many a by-road they have missed, many a heart's corner they have not penetrated.

I have characterised the interest we take in Chopin as mainly human, but this does not preclude that also from a purely artistic point of view we find much to admire. Who knows not how he has enriched the technical resources of the pianoforte, how he has ennobled and animated, if not created, the minor forms of the pianoforte-literature? who has not been surprised, and again and again delighted, with his originalities of harmony and rhythm?

All this is no matter of wonder, if we have once conceded the originality and peculiar genius of the man Chopin. In his manner, Parisian elegance and finish are unmistakable, but there is much more in it that is truly Chopinesque, individually human. I cannot help thinking that we overestimate the influencing power of our surroundings. True, our manners, our dress, are moulded and fashioned by them, but the matter is hardly touched. At least, where there is an individuality worth mentioning it will not only defend itself against them, but conquer them in proportion to its strength, even in these externals. Then it may be said of Chopin, that he lived rather *in* than *with* the Parisian society. His music is of a private nature, it shuns the publicity of the concert-room and the conventionalities of the salon. Chopin in his closet alone or with his friends is without an equal in his peculiar way, but whenever he oversteps this his domain, enters the world, poses before an audience, becomes an artist in the more limited sense of the word, and allows his artistic faculties the precedence over nature pure and simple as it wells from his heart, then I say, he loses his superiority. Thus his compositions may be estimated according to the more or less constraint he puts upon himself.

Sometimes Parisian elegance gets the better of him and fills the foreground, but Chopin in the background preserves the picture from being a mere bit of glitter. There are instances where one is

tempted to think “this jewel would have gained by a plainer setting.” But these temptations are neither strong nor frequent.

What has been said of Clementi is true of Chopin, the pianoforte is with him not a mere instrument, it is an organ, a part of himself. Both masters share also the same fate in their orchestral writing. To say that the tutti of the orchestra after the pianoforte and fancy into the dreary actual, that like Satan he is “hurled headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,” may be exaggeration, but even his soli precipitate the hearer from the beatified regions of imagination greatest admirers, among whom I am proud to reckon myself, will admit that his writing for other instruments than the pianoforte is not very happy. Be this as it may, Chopin, and with him I must join Schumann, are the most striking musical individualities of this century. Both presuppose Beethoven, and are, as it were, branches of one tree, galleries of one mine.—Yours, &c., FR. NIECKS.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD.

SIR,

“La critique est aisée,
L'art est difficile.”

When I lifted my pen in defence of Fr. Chopin, I did so with a view of rehabilitating him in the eyes of those readers who might be misled by the hostile criticism of an able writer in your excellent musical periodical, whose opinions, in this solitary instance, I may safely pronounce to be unsound. I have mentioned R. Schumann and F. Mendelssohn as better judges in matters of art, and quite in favour of my argument. However, the excellent remarks which precede your notice on the complete edition of F. Chopin's études (MUSICAL RECORD, June 1st) I must hold to be conclusive, for they embody all I could possibly adduce in favour of his works.

Chopin's music is

“Caviare to the general,”

and I am afraid will remain such in England. But there is an “élite,” more romantic than “our dear old German cantors,” who do not share the opinions of the latter (Zoepfe) “that because Chopin has distanced all his peers in what they are pleased to term odd, advanced, out of the common, nay, even profane, and sets them swearing”—his music should be consigned to the waste-paper basket. Let those who have a Chopinish leaning peruse George Sand's “Histoire de ma Vie,” and much will become clear to them that lately was a mystery. It is a pity that no English translation has appeared of these interesting volumes.

In answer to your Belfast correspondent, I beg to say that a student in composition should by no means take Chopin as a guide, for he might never emerge, “sain et sauf,” from a labyrinth of the most astounding and complicated harmonies which abound in the works of this great composer, whose statue stands in the Pantheon among the greatest masters, on “a pedestal of his own.”

I remain, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

CH. KROLL LAPORTE.

Manchester, 16th June, 1875.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me space in your next issue to correct the impression conveyed in the last sentence of the letter by J. S. Shedlock in this month's number.

It is not because he does “not consider Chopin worthy of ranking with the great names” he quotes, that I have ventured to accuse him of “throwing cold water on the enthusiasm generally felt by musicians in favour of the writings of the pale wizard,” for on a subject so vast as the “divine art,” so simple, yet so profound, comprehending as it does every shade between the strictly mathematical and the purely æsthetic—as Protean in its varied aspects as the metaphysical subtleties of theology, there must be diversity of opinions, just as there must be different natures amongst mankind; and I hold that the opinions of all intelligent and conscientious students of the art are entitled at least to respectful consideration, for no man can tell what value lies in another till he has gauged him thoroughly.

It was what I thought the *mauvais ton* contained in the spirit of the former letter (discernible also in the last one) with which I disagreed, and which is best explained by the following conversation that I overheard in a ball-room some time back. A gentleman was talking to two ladies about another who was generally considered the belle of the ball, and he exclaimed enthusiastically, “Isn't she beautiful?”

“Quite so,” simpered one of the fair ones, “charming, truly, and so graceful; but what a pity her nose isn't straight!”

“But, dear,” interpolated the other lady, “you know she can't

help that, poor thing. I am sure," she continued, "no one can say but what she is beautiful, *although her mouth is so large.*"

The gentleman looked daggers at her; whilst the first lady responded—

"And they do say that her teeth are not all her own."

Now let us compare the following sentences :—

"Those players who cannot grapple with the difficulties of his pieces are forced to neglect them; whilst those who can, do play, study, and admire them."

"Chopin is the representative of a class of music entirely different in its character and aim from that of the great classical masters."

"Chopin confined himself to writing for one instrument, and (with few exceptions) in the minor and less important forms of art."

"His music is full of sentiment without ever becoming sentimental; full of originality without being unnatural; full of simplicity without a trace of commonness."

"The most enthusiastic admirer of his music cannot say a word too much of the wonderfully delicate and appropriate workmanship with which he develops his ideas."

"There is a class of music to which we apply the epithets *pleasing, elegant, charming*, which, though good in its way, has but little in common with the higher forms of art."

"This charm is at best evanescent, and, unless most piquant and original, soon loses its interest, even if it do not become absolutely distasteful."

"It requires most careful nurture, delicate changes of harmony, graceful imagery, fantastic modulations, ornaments of every kind, fanciful changes of tempo; and, by these artificial means, will live a short life, fragrant and lovely, and then droop and die."

"Of the class of music I have just been describing, Chopin was the most distinguished representative."

"The greatest number and the best of Chopin's compositions are short, and the few long ones (with the exception, for special reasons, of the two concertos) afford a striking proof of the advisability of closing ere the charm be exhausted."

"Chopin has justly earned a great name. His music is full of grace, romance, and emotional feeling."

I do not bring forward these contrasts in any controversial spirit and for the same reason I say nothing on some other points in this letter, for there must be differences of opinion, as I have said above; but, unless the attendant circumstances demand it, I think it is decidedly ungenerous to "build up with one hand and pull down with the other," and his reference to the parable in St. Luke, chap. xiv., is singularly misplaced, for it is recorded that Chopin was the most modest of all artists.

There is something delicious in the naïveté with which he explains his meaning of "the drooping and dying plant," but I cannot see that he has any cause for complaint, for when people will make "a humble attempt to say" what they want "in something better than prose" they must expect to be misunderstood, unless they follow the example of the schoolboy who wisely wrote underneath his first drawing, "This is intended for a pig."

In conclusion, I would draw Mr. Shedlock's attention to the following extract from Mr. Pauer's lecture at the South Kensington Museum in 1871 :—

"Three composers influenced Chopin greatly—namely, Bach, Mozart, and Weber. In his works there is Bach's tendency to polyphony, Mozart's elegant and chaste grace, and Weber's chivalrous romance. Chopin enriched the three chief elements of music—rhythm, harmony, and melody." He was "thoroughly original," and "in his life he never wrote a vulgar note."

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
Devonshire House, Reading, June 5th, 1875.

JOHN OLD.

LOHENGRIN AT DRURY LANE.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD.

SIR,—After vainly waiting for some higher power than myself to speak on the subject, I venture to raise a protest against the shameful ill-treatment of *Lohengrin* at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane.

Not content with doing their utmost to destroy all poetry and dramatic beauty in the work, and to turn it into a conventional Italian Opera, those in authority (I mention no names) have cut and gashed both words and music in the cruellest way.

Of course the piece must be shortened, but not by cutting out pages almost at random. The first thing that startled me was the omission of eight bars (the most important in the whole drama) of Lohengrin's warning to Elsa in the first act. Then the splendid finale to the same act was shorn of its just proportions by being cut

down to about half its original length. Then in the second act, in the scene between Ortrud and Elsa, a large portion of the beautiful solo, "Du ärmste," was cut out; the bridal procession music had the lovely melody in B flat excised; and there were several instances where curtailments, justifiable enough in themselves, interfered seriously with the continuity of the story; such, for instance, as the conspiracy of Frederic with the four nobles.

Altogether it was most unpleasant to any one who could really appreciate a poetic drama, to see it so totally misunderstood by both conductor and singers. The sublimest work of genius cannot but fail in its purpose when the interpreters are ignorant of its meaning. The incident of the boy Gottfried and the swan was made so intensely ridiculous that, had all else gone well, the last scene must have spoiled the previous good impression. Anything like pathos or sadness in the conclusion was impossible. That wretched old *Dar Freischütz* dove, with its wildly revolving wings, transported one from the kingdom of poetry to the kingdom of pantomime.

Now, while I give all praise to the orchestra and chorus, my admiration of the poetic drama, and my knowledge of Richard Wagner's works and ideas, urge me to enter the strongest possible protest against this way of treating a great master's work.

Yours, &c., F. C.

MUSIC, POETRY, AND PAINTING.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD.

SIR,—In the *Examiner* of June 12th there appeared a very interesting article on Wagner's theory respecting the future of the fine arts.

The writer thinks that poetry "may serve music and painting by supplying them with myths, but still preserves its own liberty to complete a wider development." "To control its destinies," he adds, "would be in effect to forecast the future of language, and to measure all the varieties of possible human emotion." There is much truth in these sentences, and I heartily accept the theory that poetry forms a useful element in the Wagnerian compound, yet reserves to itself a wider development.

But I claim the same for music, and would copy the two above-quoted sentences slightly altered, thus—*Music may serve poetry by supplying it with powerful means of appeal to the emotions, but still preserves its own liberty to complete a wider development. To control its destinies would be to forecast the future of musical sounds, and to measure all the varieties of possible human emotion.* The writer also speaks of the painter and composer as having fully satisfied the requirements of their own arts by this union with poetry. It would almost seem as if he had never heard of the instrumental works of the great classical masters, such as Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. That is the wider development of which music has been capable, and it is at any rate premature to assert that it has no power of further extension.

According to the writer, poetry can "imitate the arts of music and painting, also combine with them, but, by its power of dealing with intricate intellectual problems, is not bound by the special limitations of these arts."

But the works of the great composers display intellect of the highest kind, and the fugues of Bach and the symphonies of Beethoven afford perhaps the most striking illustrations of the power of music to deal with intricate and intellectual problems.

Also it must be remembered that music is a language not intelligible to all. It is only understood by the few who are endowed with what (for want of a better expression) is termed a musical organisation. To these few, however, it speaks with a voice clear and powerful, but in tones more delicate, subtle, and ethereal than those of speech.

Again, the writer makes the assertion that "*the sensuous arts of music and painting interpret the abstract and enduring beauty of the world, but in the presence of all but the simplest emotions are dumb.*"

As regards music this statement is vague, unsatisfactory, and, in my opinion, untrue. Music is not the exponent either of the simplest or the most complex emotions. By certain conventionalities and association of ideas, music may represent certain emotions, and even physical phenomena. But in its pure state it only appeals to, or excites, certain emotions, and at times in such a mysterious and complex manner that musicians, though visibly affected, are not only at a loss how to describe the effect produced on them, but still more, are differently influenced at different times by the same music.

I have, in these few remarks, confined myself to the subject of music, though much could be said about the wider development and intellectual attributes of painting.

All the three arts have this in common, that their primary object is to please—and they all appeal to the intellect and the emotions. When in combination they produce an intensity of sensual effect

and a pleasing variety, but each art is compelled to content itself with lower and simpler forms, and for the time to abandon the wider development of which it is capable.—Yours, &c., J. S. S.

Reviews.

The Bells of Strasburg Cathedral. A Cantata, for Paritone Solo, Chorus, and Orchestra. Composed by FRANZ LISZT. Leipzig: J. Schuberth and Co.

THIS is a setting of the Prologue to "The Golden Legend," by H. W. Longfellow, to whom the music is dedicated. Both the full and the pianoforte score are published with English and German text. The action of this poem of Longfellow's, which he has cast in a dramatic mould, is supposed to take place in the air around the spire of Strasburg Cathedral. By night and during the raging of a storm, Lucifer, with the Powers of the Air, are trying to tear down the cross. Four times Lucifer urges his attendant spirits to the attempt. Each time they reply in chorus, "Oh, we cannot," &c.; and the bells, personified by men's voices, respond by giving utterance to such mottoes as often encircle church bells, as—

"Laudo Deum Verum!
Plsbem voco!
Congregem clerum!"

Failing in their attempts, Lucifer and his spirits sweep away, and the organ and a Gregorian Chant in full chorus are heard from within the cathedral.

The work commences with an orchestral prelude, accompanied by a chorus and mezzo-soprano solo, of which the word "Excelsior," oft repeated, forms the entire text. We say "accompanied," because we are informed by a note appended to the score that this prelude may be performed by orchestra alone, without voices. This is followed by a succession of dialogues between Lucifer, the Powers of the Air, and the bells, which lead up to the final chorus, which is of a Gregorian or rather Palestrina-like character, and is accompanied by orchestra and organ.

The general style of the work is similar to that which forms so marked a feature of a great part of Liszt's oratorio *Christus*. This consists in cleverly combining, or rather contrasting, old "church tones" and Palestrina-like chords with the most modern chromatic harmonies and treatment, and seems to owe its origin as much to Liszt's intimate connection with the Church, as to his knowledge of orchestration and of the capacities of music generally. By the adoption of such a mode of procedure, which in a measure may be said to have been prescribed by the poet, the work is invested with a "local colouring" and truthfulness of expression which could not have been attained to the like extent by any other means. But whether the revival of the crude and rugged ecclesiastical style of a bygone age, and its introduction in the concert-room, will be generally relished, remains to be seen. Liszt's instrumental score is laid out on the grandest scale; in addition to the usual complement of instruments of a modern full orchestra it contains two harps, organ, and five deep-toned bells or gongs. Adequately performed, it could hardly fail to produce a striking effect. Considering how limited in England is the knowledge of Liszt's greater choral works, and how small a desire has been manifested to become better acquainted with them, we cannot regard this as one which in preference to some others we can conscientiously recommend to choral societies in general, but it is certainly one which might be attacked with advantage by some few of those belonging to the upper grade. Perhaps we may look to Mr. Walter Bache to bring it to a hearing at one of his concerts. Still we cannot help fancying that he must have in store many other of Liszt's works which have not yet been heard here, and which are more likely to meet with a more general acceptance than this.

Lohengrin, Transcription pour Piano, E. DORN; *May Bloom*, Valse gracieuse, E. DORN; *Eitella*, Bolero, E. DORN. Augener and Co.

THE production of *Lohengrin* this season at the Opera Houses, will no doubt create a desire on the part of English amateurs to make themselves more intimately acquainted with the work. The fantasia under notice is well adapted to meet the requirements of those who desire a showy and effective piece, that can be mastered with little trouble. The Bridal music in the third act forms the basis of the production, and the composer has thus shown sound judgment, as but little else in the opera could be utilised with any chance of success. The other two pieces are also written in the graceful, unaffected style which is the leading feature of Herr Dorn's lengthy series of teaching-pieces.

Lohengrin. Fantaisie pour Piano. M. LEE. Augener and Co. AN easy arrangement of the prelude to the first act of the Bridal Chorus. Although scarcely any embellishment of the subject selected is attempted, it is admirably fitted in every way for juvenile pianists.

Marche des Fantômes, for Piano. SCOTSON CLARK. Augener and Co.

THIS is another addition to the already long list of marches by a composer, some of whose works have achieved considerable popularity. It has more intrinsic merit than any of its predecessors, and there is a decided classical tinge pervading the first subject. The trio—although slightly suggestive of a parallel portion of a certain *Funeral March*, by Chopin—forms an admirable contrast to the sombre tone of the remainder of the composition. We should, however, have preferred a larger coda. As it stands, it produces an effect of abruptness that is unsatisfactory.

Air du Dauphin, pour Piano. J. L. ROECKEL. Augener and Co. THIS is an imitation for the "household instrument" of an *Ancienne Danse de la Cour*, and forms a charming piece. The square and antiquated style is very captivating, and the quaint grace of the trio will not escape the notice of the appreciative listener. It presents no difficulties to the player, and deserves to become as popular as the now well-known *Gavotte* of Louis XIII., which it certainly exceeds in point of merit.

Ten Pianoforte Duets. "Fra Diavolo," "Masaniello," "Sonnambula," "La Favorita," "Lucia," "Zampa," "Zaubersföte," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Oberon." E. W. RITTER. Augener and Co.

THE most useful series of operatic duets ever published. The *motivi* are in each case most judiciously selected, and admirably treated. For teaching purposes they are simply invaluable. Brilliant and effective passages, easy to play, are to be found in profusion, and the musician-like manner in which they are all written is not the least important of their many excellencies.

Champagne, Galop de Concert, by GUSTAV BLEY; *Thauperlen*, Fantaisie for Piano, von W. LEGER. Hammond and Co. Two pieces of indifferent merit. The title-page of the former is ingenious, and that of the latter, curious, on account of its polyglot character.

La Péri, JULES PHILIPOT; *Absence*, CH. NEUSTEDT; *Fête Hongroise*, CH. NEUSTEDT; *La Guiclette*, Marienthal, *Speranza*, JULES COHEN. Hammond and Co.

THESE are all exceedingly well written compositions, especially those by Jules Cohen, which are not only useful for teaching purposes, but really interesting from a purely musical point of view. We find a freshness of idea and originality of treatment that is quite exhilarating, and give them each and all our warmest recommendation.

Papillon and *L'Allégresse*, par SIEGFRIED JACOBY (Novello, Ewer, and Co.), are two elegant drawing-room pieces, each of which is a good example of light pianoforte music.

Collard's Method of Practising the Flute (A. Collard, 21, Welbeck Street, W.). This is the first number of what promises to be a very useful work. The exercises and suggestions which are given to the student are most excellent; and the "Romanza" and capital "Tarantella," by LINDSAY SLOPER, render the publication interesting as well as instructive.

Hongroise pour Violon et Piano, par GEORGE LICHTENSTEIN (Schott and Co.). The composer of this duo is clearly in his natural element when writing for the violin. The passages for that instrument are well laid out, and the part must have been brilliantly effective in the hands of Mme. Norman-Néruda, by whom (in conjunction with Mr. Charles Hallé at the pianoforte) the work has been played. An arrangement of the piece for piano solo is also published.

Part 26 of the Organist's Quarterly Journal (Novello, Ewer, and Co.), edited by Dr. SPARK, contains four pieces. A prelude by LUDWIG RICHTER is of sombre hue, but thoroughly well written; while F. W. HIRD's "Maestoso alla Marcia" is not only well constructed, but is also founded upon interesting themes. The first movement of a sonata by PH. RUFER is not remarkably attractive, and the same may be said of an "andante" by CHARLES JOSEPH FROST.

Vocal Duets, with Piano Accompaniment. Sixteen Numbers. Augener and Co.

ROBERT SCHUMANN was only second to Franz Schubert as a song-writer. They both aimed at producing programme-music—i.e., music depicting the various emotions of the human heart, and in Schumann as well as Schubert the piano accompaniment is a most important element. The songs of both are really a duo concertante between voice or voices and instrument. Schumann wrote between two and three hundred songs for one or more voices, and of these no fewer than 138 were written in the year 1840. Of the sixteen we have now under review, Nos. 94, 95, 96, 97, 102, 103, 104, 105 belong to that period when Schumann's genius was at its zenith.

"The Glorious Month of May," from Op. 29, is a most charming composition. The free imitations for the voice parts are most skilfully managed, and the effect by no means laboured.

"Were I a Bird," "Autumn," and "The Tempting Flower," Op. 43 (Nos. 95, 96, 97), are unpretending, yet exceedingly fresh and pleasing.

He has introduced "Were I a Bird" into the second act of his opera *Genoveva*, Op. 81.

"The Tempting Flower" reminds us somewhat of F. Schubert's setting of "Die Forelle."

Nos. 98–101 are a set of songs written by Schumann in 1851. The soprano part in these four songs is set rather low.

Nos. 102–105:—"O love it is a rose-tree fair," is elegant and pleasing; "O lassie, art thou sleeping yet"—very wild and peculiar.

No. 106, "Call to the Dance," one of Schumann's gems. It is really a mezzo-soprano and tenor duet. The melodies are fresh and flowing, the ever-varying modulations most piquant and original. The graceful and descriptive accompaniment to this duet illustrates very forcibly our observation respecting the importance which Schumann and Schubert attached to the pianoforte part. The translation of the German words is very good.

"He and She," a truly charming duet. The middle part contains some clever imitations. This is one of Schumann's really inspired compositions.

"I think of thee." We think this duet rather laboured. Perhaps Schubert's setting of the same words has made us fastidious.

"Cradle Song" is pleasing and original. An interesting pianoforte transcription might be made of this duet.

Honour Bright, Song, J. L. HATTON; *The Lover and the Star*, Song, GUGLIELMO; *I saw thee weep*, Song, J. CHESHIRE. Simpson and Co.

THE first of these is a little composition conceived in Mr. Hatton's happiest vein, and the words are alike excellent of their kind. We are, however, rather at a loss to understand why a ditty in which a "simple maiden," strolling amid the new-mown hay, states that if by chance she should receive an osculatory salutation, she certainly would not publicly advertise the fact, should be dedicated to Mr. Santley. The other two songs are also exceedingly good, and fair specimens of their kind.

Oh, say I love, Vocal Duet, W. MAYNARD (Swan and Pentland). *The Peaceful King*, Song, J. SIMPSON (Scrutton and Co.).

MR. MAYNARD'S unpretending little trifle will be found acceptable by vocal amateurs of limited proficiency. It is written for soprano and mezzo-soprano. "The Peaceful King" is not above the level of a commonplace drawing-room song. The verses—a translation from the German, by Mr. Terreau—are, however, admirable.

The Best of all Good Company. H. HOUSELEY. Weekes and Co. This is, in all respects, a really excellent song—vigorous, well written, and most effective. It also bears the impress of originality. The abrupt manner in which each verse and the penultimate symphony are terminated is specially noticeable, as producing a most striking effect by unconventional means. We should have preferred, however, to see one silent bar added at the end, thus completing the phrase which, as it stands at present, is incomplete to the eye.

An Angel's Song. F. F. ROGERS. Duncan Davison and Co. A LITTLE composition, having some fairly good points, but there are objectionable features in the accompaniment obviously unintentional, viz., "false relations," unskilful treatment of discords, &c. Some misprints also require correction.

An Old Story. Song. L. ZAVERTAL. Swan and Pentland. THE influence of Franz Abt is apparent here. A thoroughly German little *Volkslied*, it is still none the less acceptable because

originality of style is wanting. The consecutive fifths between the extreme parts in the last bar of the 2nd stave on page 1, which are repeated on each similar occasion, require alteration, and the redistribution of some of the chords elsewhere in the accompaniment would be a decided improvement.

Daybreak. Song. A. L. TAMPLIN. W. Goodwin.

A SONG of unequal merit. There is a pretentiousness throughout that is painfully apparent, and seems to obscure much interesting matter. Restless modulation for no apparent reason, which is followed by phrases almost puerile in their character, produce a patchy effect that is not pleasant. The accompaniment, too, is by no means free from actual faults; to cite two instances: on the last page we find in the top stave G ♭ in the voice-part wedded to these chords: C D, G ♭, E ♭ G, C E ♭, C E ♭; and in the third stave the leading-note is doubled in the most excruciating manner.

Four Part-Songs, by CHARLES HARFORD LLOYD (Novello and Co.), are evidently the work of a cultivated musician. "Beauty was lying by a spring" is open to criticism for an awkward consecutive of triads in the second inversion on a short dominant pedal point (bars 1 and 2, page 3); and it is unfortunate that too much emphasis marks the second syllable of the words "morrow," "fallow," and "borrow," in "Pack clouds away." The composer soon loses sight of his tonic in "A Sunny Shaft," and the restless modulations which occur in this song produce rather an unsatisfactory result; but the setting of Allan Cunningham's words, "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea," is an excellent example of good vocal part-writing. It is spirited, and would prove highly effective if it were well sung.

Concerts, &c.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE nearest approach to a novelty at the fifth concert was Brahms's clever and interesting work, consisting of variations for orchestra on a theme by Haydn, Op. 56A. On its first being heard at the Crystal Palace, in March, 1874, this ingenious work was so warmly appreciated, that its repetition at an early date was at once demanded. We have had to speak of it, on more than one occasion of its subsequent repetition there, with feelings of admiration, which were in no way diminished by a further hearing of it, though the performance of it on the present occasion, creditable though it was, was hardly so finished a one as some that we can recall. It was, nevertheless, as warmly received here as at the Crystal Palace. Sig. Papini, who has met with so much approbation at the Musical Union matinees, was heard here for the first time as the exponent of a concerto. If we appreciated him less in his association with the orchestra than we have done in his exposition of chamber music, it is probably due to the choice he made of the adagio and rondo from M. Vieuxtemps' concerto in E, which, though it admirably served to display his clever fiddling, certainly failed to interest as a musical composition. The symphony, which was on the whole effectively rendered, was Beethoven's "Pastorale;" the overtures were Schubert's *Rosamunde*, and Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas*. The vocalists were Mlle. Sophie Löwe and Mr. W. Shakespeare. Mlle. Löwe, who betrays more evidence of having been well taught than of natural genius, but who has done good service during her stay among us, was heard in the air, "Deh vieni," from Mozart's *Figaro*, and in songs by Mendelssohn and Brahms. Mr. Shakespeare, who, as Mendelssohn Scholar of the Royal Academy of Music, made his mark, both as a composer and a pianist, at the concerts of that institution, as well as at the Crystal Palace, made his *début* as a vocalist on this occasion, after having for some time past pursued his vocal studies in Italy—we hope not to the exclusion of composition and pianoforte playing. He possesses a light tenor voice of a pleasing quality, but whether the tremulousness he displayed is to be put down to the nervousness almost inseparable from a first appearance, or to the acquirement of a trick, too much regarded as a grace, it is impossible to say. He was heard in the cavatina, "Ecco ridente il cielo," from Rossini's *Il Barbiere*, and in songs by Sterndale Bennett and Mendelssohn, but to better advantage in the songs of the two last-named composers than in Rossini's cavatina. As a *débutant* he may fairly be credited with success.

The sixth concert commenced with a festival overture by Sir Julius Benedict, composed for the Liverpool Musical Festival of 1849, which inaugurated the Philharmonic Hall of that city. Since that date it had only been heard on one occasion, viz., at a benefit concert of the author. Brilliant and tuneful, it is just such a work

as we might expect from the pen of "Weber's favourite pupil." The chief item of interest for musicians, however, was Herr Jaell's performance of Raff's fine concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, in C minor, which was heard for the first time at these concerts. Of this remarkable work we have had to speak in former pages of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD, on two occasions of its being performed by Dr. von Bülow, for whom it was expressly composed. After Von Bülow, it could scarcely have fallen into more competent hands than those of Herr Jaell, who fully proved his ability to cope with the tremendous difficulties it offers, and which are due as much to its brilliancy and elaboration as to the fulness of its orchestration, and are only to be overcome by exponents of exceptional power. The hearty and prolonged applause which followed Herr Jaell's performance might fairly be regarded as indicative of the satisfaction experienced by the audience with the work itself, as well as with his rendering of it. Each was worthy of the other. The symphony—Beethoven's "Eroica"—was rendered with great spirit and vigour. Mlle. Thekla Friedländer and Mr. Santley were the vocalists. The lady, who appeared more at her ease than on the occasion of her late *début* at a New Philharmonic concert, made a most favourable impression by the pleasing quality of her voice and the refined style in which she rendered Lotti's aria, "Pur dieci," and songs by Brahms and Hiller. Mr. Santley was heard in the recitative and air, "Ye twice ten hundred deities," from Purcell's *Indian Queen*—a somewhat gloomy revival—and in the air—inexplicably designated "phantasie" in the programme—"Oh, du mein holder Abendstern," from *Tannhäuser*, which latter he sang in the original German, in his most impassioned manner. With justice Liszt has spoken of this as being "as beautiful as a Schubert *Lied*," in the opera, where it occurs as an address to the evening star, in which Wolfram prays for Elizabeth's consolation, it is singularly affecting. The overture to Weber's *Der Freischütz* completed the scheme.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

It is wise, perhaps, of Mr. Manns to abstain from attempting any novelties of importance at this busy period of the year, when our instrumentalists are overworked, and audiences are less seriously inclined than in winter, when there are fewer distractions. The programme of the third of the summer series of six concerts was a very attractive one for the general listener, and not without its interest for musicians who were curious to see how Herr Wilhelmj would acquit himself in Beethoven's violin concerto, of which it was disappointing that he only played the first movement. Except on the ground that he did not play the entire work, surely none could have been disappointed with the result but those who have so familiarised themselves with Herr Joachim's reading of the work that after him they can endure no other. It has been truly said that there is only one Joachim and only one Wilhelmj. Each has his own individuality and each his special points of excellence; their points of difference being of too subtle a nature to call for a comparison. Herr Wilhelmj was subsequently heard to the best advantage in his own arrangement of Wagner's *Albumblatt* and Chopin's *Notturmo*, Op. 9, No. 2. Wagner's *Albumblatt*, originally written for pianoforte, is a charming instance of Wagner's "endless" melody. As arranged by Herr Wilhelmj, with some slight modifications and with orchestral accompaniment, it has an exquisite effect. The orchestral selection included Mozart's symphony in E flat (K. 543) the last but two of forty-nine similar works; Mendelssohn's overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; and that by Rossini to *Semiramide*. Mme. Patey, Mme. Sinico-Campobello, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Sig. Campobello, were the vocalists. Mme. Sinico-Campobello was heard in Ardit's lively valse "Il Bacio," Sig. Campobello in "Honour and Arms," from Handel's *Samson*, and the two together in the favourite duet from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, "La ci darem la mano." Mme. Patey made choice of Giordani's aria, "Caro mio ben," and Sir Julius Benedict's well-worn ballad, "By the sad sea waves." Accompanied by the composer, Mr. Sims Reeves, who was in good voice, came forward with Herr Blumenthal's pretty song, "The Message," and "When other lips," from Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*. Much as the efforts of Mme. Patey and Mr. Sims Reeves seemed to be appreciated by the audience, one could not but regret that two such consummate artists should content themselves with such trivialities.

The orchestral works of the fourth concert included Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Hérold's overture to *Zampa*, and Mr. A. S. Sullivan's overture "Di Ballo." Mlle. Marie Krebs played Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brillante," in B minor, for pianoforte and orchestra, and Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," for the latter of which, on being encored, she substituted Thalberg's fantasia on "Home, Sweet Home." Songs were contributed by Mme. Blanche Cole, who also took the solo in Mendelssohn's hymn, "Hear my

prayer," and by Mr. E. Lloyd. The choir were heard in Schumann's lively and characteristic chorus, "Gipsy Life."

The fifth concert, which being on a festival scale was held in the centre transept, was devoted to a performance of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, the principal vocal parts of which were sustained by Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Montem Smith, and Sig. Foll. The absurdity of selecting this delicious pastoral for performance on a festival scale was made the most apparent by Sig. Foll's entry after the "Monster Polypheme" chorus. To keep up the illusion of the giant's approach and to maintain a balance of power, like the dragon in Wagner's *Siegfried*, he should have sung his part through a speaking-trumpet.

MUSICAL UNION MATINÉES.

MME. MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY was the pianist (for the second time) at the fourth matinée. With MM. Papini, Bernhardt, and Lasserre, she was associated in Schumann's quartet in E flat, Op. 47, which has gradually won a popularity only exceeded by the same composer's famous quintet in the same key. With M. Lasserre—whose style has, since his first arrival here, matured into that of a consummate artist—she was heard in the allegretto and finale from Rubinstein's sonata, Op. 18, for pianoforte and violoncello. Alone, Mme. Montigny-Rémaury played a quaint old-fashioned little piece, "Sœur Monique," by Couperin (1725), and Mendelssohn's caprice, Op. 16, No. 2. In nothing that she played was she heard to better advantage than in this lively little scherzo of Mendelssohn's. In compliance with numerous requests, she also repeated the tarantelle by C. Wehlé, which pleased so much at the previous matinée. The string quartets, both exquisitely rendered, were Haydn's in F, No. 82, and Beethoven's in B flat, Op. 18, No. 6.

Herr Alfred Jaell was the pianist at the two following matinées. Of the many foreign pianists whom Professor Ella has been the means of introducing to his audience there is probably none whose appearance has been more frequent at the Musical Union, or whose presence there has given more general satisfaction, than that of Herr Jaell. It is to be put down to Herr Jaell's extraordinary intelligence and strong enthusiasm for his art, as much as to his almost unrivalled technical powers, that he has generally been among the first in the field with new works of real importance. Thus it is that we are indebted to him for the first successful performance here of works by Schumann, Raff, Rubinstein, Hiller, Brahms, &c. Professor Ella's patrons have again to thank Herr Jaell for bringing to their notice a work of the highest interest and excellence which had not been heard here before, though elsewhere it has long ago made its mark. We allude to Brahms's quartet in G minor, Op. 25, with which the fifth matinée opened. Those who could call to mind Herr Jaell's performance of the same composer's companion work—the quartet in A major, Op. 26—in 1868, might, perhaps, be inclined to institute a comparison between the two works. They have this similarity, that each is laid out on the same extended scale; and each testifies to their author's fertility of ideas, his ripe powers of development, and his masterly treatment. Without expressing a decided preference for either as works of art, it may be averred that that in A major, by reason of its lighter and brighter character, the more readily recommends itself to the general listener. Each seems to derive its special characteristics from its tonality: that in A major being bright and joyous; while that in G minor, though more vigorous and passionate, is not without a tinge of melancholy. With MM. Papini and Lasserre Herr Jaell was also heard in Beethoven's trio in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3; and for his solos made choice of the aria (announced in the programme as a "romanza") in A major, which forms the slow movement in Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor, Op. 11; in the scherzino from the same composer's *Faschingschwank aus Wien*, Op. 26; and in Chopin's "Valse Mélancolique" in A minor. The string quartet was Mendelssohn's in E flat, Op. 44, No. 5).

Herr Jaell again contributed the lion's share to the attractions of the sixth matinée, taking the leading part in Rubinstein's trio in B flat, Op. 52, and in Schumann's quintet in E flat, Op. 44, besides playing alone Henselt's "Poème d'Amour" in B, Thalberg's "Thème et Etude" in A minor, and his own clever arrangement of the "Pilgrim's Chant" from *Tannhäuser*. Rubinstein's trio—the work which he chose for his *début* at the Musical Union in 1857, and which not long ago created so favourable an impression on its revival by Dr. von Bülow—is one of the most admirable of his compositions in this class, and was again received with extreme favour. Schumann's quintet, which was denounced by the critics on its first being played here by Mlle. Clauss in 1853, has been annually played at these matinées since 1862, when, it is to the credit of Herr Jaell, that he was the first to succeed in making its beauties fully apparent. Since that date it has become as general a favourite as any in the whole repertory of chamber music. Beethoven's grand quartet, in

c, Op. 59. No. 3, composed in 1806, and dedicated to the Count Rasoumowsky, which was superbly rendered, completed a more than usually interesting and attractive scheme.

MR. C. HALLÉ'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

THE attendance at Mr. Hallé's fourth "recital" was in nowise diminished by its taking place on the "Oaks" day, but rather the reverse, owing, perhaps, to the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales and the Princess Louis of Hesse. The scheme, which was doubtless in part, if not entirely, drawn up by Mr. Hallé's august visitors, included Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's chamber trio in A; Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, Op. 53; three of Heller and Ernst's "Pensées Fugitives;" and Brahms's quintet in F minor, Op. 34. Though containing nothing actually new to the regular frequenters of Mr. Hallé's "recitals," and other similar concerts of chamber music, the selection was at all points an admirable one. It cannot be said, however, that either Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's trio or Brahms's quintet—the one as remarkable for its innate refined charm and freshness, as the other is for its vigour and strongly-marked characteristics of its author—have been made too familiar to concert audiences. As usual, Mr. Hallé was assisted by Mme. Norman-Néruda, and MM. L. Ries, Straus, and Franz Néruda.

The programme of the fifth "recital" included Mozart's trio in B flat (for the first time at these concerts); Schubert's sonata in E flat, Op. 122, for pianoforte; Schumann's sonata in A minor, Op. 105, for pianoforte and violin; and Beethoven's trio in D, Op. 70, No. 1. Of these, Schumann's sonata was probably the least familiar to the audience generally. Somewhat lighter in character, and therefore more taking, than the same composer's later sonata in D minor, the warm applause which it evoked afforded an additional proof, if proof were needed, of the high esteem in which Schumann has now justly come to be held. As a relief to the more serious business of the afternoon, the vocal quartet of Swedish ladies, who met with so much success last season, again came forward with some of their national part-songs, and again proved their power to charm.

Two quartets for pianoforte and strings were brought forward at the sixth "recital"—the one by Mozart, in E flat; the other by Brahms, in A major, Op. 26. It was specially interesting to hear the latter after so recently hearing its companion work, in G minor, at the Musical Union, inasmuch as it greatly tended to confirm the opinion we had already arrived at of the respective characteristics of these two works, and of which we have spoken above in our notice of the Musical Union Matinée. For his solo Mr. Hallé was heard in Beethoven's beautiful sonata (in E, Op. 90), in two movements, and with Mme. Norman-Néruda in F. Kiel's "Deutsche Reigen" (Book 2), a series of thirteen old German dances, the treatment of which may have been suggested by that of Brahms's famous Hungarian dances. Herr Kiel has executed his task in a very scholastic and effective manner, but with hardly so much geniality of feeling as Brahms. Thanks chiefly to Mme. Norman-Néruda's clever fiddling they were very warmly applauded.

Mme. Norman-Néruda was absent from the seventh "recital," on account of sudden illness. Much as one might sympathise with her in her affliction, it was with no feeling of regret that we found that Herr Straus was there to take her place; firstly, because this estimable artist, owing to his modest and retiring nature, as well as to his gallantry, is too seldom heard in leading parts; and, secondly, because his manly and vigorous style of playing seemed better adapted for an adequate rendering of Herr Gernsheim's spirited quartet than the more feminine and, in some respects, more refined playing of Mme. Norman-Néruda would probably have proved. The quartet by F. Gernsheim, in E flat, Op. 6, by its orthodox plan and clear construction, its bright, melodious, and generally vigorous character, made quite as favourable an impression as it did on the first occasion of its being heard here at one of Mr. Hallé's "recitals" of last year. Of its eventually becoming a standard favourite there seems very good hope. In the place of solos by Spohr announced for Mme. Néruda, Herr Straus was heard to advantage in a sonata by Corelli. Mr. Hallé set himself the rare task of executing Beethoven's wondrous sonata in B flat, Op. 106, by his fulfilment of which he fully proved himself alive to the importance of his undertaking. Haydn's trio in E, No. 4, completed the scheme.

NATIONAL ACADEMY FOR THE HIGHER DEVELOPMENT OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING IN ENGLAND.

THIS institution, of which Mr. Franklin Taylor is the president, and Mr. Oscar Beringer the director, both of whom may fairly be classed among the first half-dozen of our resident pianists, was founded some two or three years back, to supply (as we learn from the prospectus) the want in London of an establishment for pianoforte playing, combined with the necessary theoretical knowledge.

It has been modelled on the same basis, and takes its title from the late Carl Tausig's "Schule des höheren Klavierspiels" in Berlin. The programme of the first Students' concert, given (by invitation) at the Beethoven Rooms, was as follows:—

1. PIANOFORTE TRIO ... "No. 3, in E Major" Mozart.
Miss STOCKEN, Messrs. WERNER, and H. DAUBERT.
2. PIANOFORTE SOLO ... "and Scherzo in B flat" Chopin.
Minor, Op. 31.
3. PIANOFORTE SOLO ... "Suite, Op. 31" Bargiel.
Miss EMILY TATE.
4. PIANOFORTE SOLO ... "Capriccio Brillante, in" Mendelssohn.
B Minor, Op. 22.
Miss RANDEGGER.
5. PIANOFORTE SOLOS ... "a. Mazurka," M. G. Carmichael.
"b. Humoreske." ...
Miss M. G. CARMICHAEL.
6. PIANOFORTE SOLO ... "Sonata in C Major, Op. 53" Beethoven.
Miss STOCKEN.
7. PIANOFORTE SOLOS ... "Chants Polonoises" (Chopin) Liszt.
Miss MACRAE.
8. DUO FOR 2 PIANOFORTES ... "Variations in B flat, Op. 46" Schumann.
Misses PORTER and CHEVNE.

The general result was a highly satisfactory one, for it not only gave evidence of the possession of undoubted talent on the part of the pupils, but also conclusively proved the soundness of the instruction imparted to them.

It is refreshing to find amateurs, who institute concerts in behalf of charitable institutions, coming forward with works of the highest musical interest. As rarely happens, this was more than once the case last month. At a concert given, under Royal patronage, at St. James's Hall, with the object of providing a crèche and nurses for the poor in the parish of St. Anne's, Soho, the principal vocal parts were sustained by well-known amateurs of ability, assisted by members of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, and a professional orchestra conducted by Mr. Barnby. Such important and seldom-heard works as Gade's symphony in B flat, Brahms's "Song of Destiny," and Schumann's cantata, "The Pilgrimage of the Rose," were included in the scheme.

THE ninth concert of the Amateur Musical Union, given at Willis's Rooms, on behalf of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, brought a selection from Schumann's "Scenes from Faust" to a first public hearing in London. This was followed by Weber's "Jubilee" cantata, sung to a new English translation of the original libretto.

Summary of Country News.

[Under this heading we publish news obtained from occasional correspondents or local papers. We cannot hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed therein.]

BOSTON.—The Choral Class of Mr. D. J. Wood gave a very successful concert on 2nd June, before a large and appreciative audience. Sir W. S. Bennett's cantata, "The May-Queen," formed the first part of the concert, and was well rendered; the second part was miscellaneous. The principal artists were Mme. Billie Porter, Mrs. Lee, Mr. Wilford Morgan, and Mr. Chaplin Henry; Miss H. Porter, of Louth, accompanied on the harmonium; and Mr. William Porter, of Bourn, on the piano; Mr. Wood conducting.

BRISTOL.—Mr. George Riseley has been continuing his organ recitals at the Colston Hall during the past month. The programmes included compositions by Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, and Weber. As a novelty Mr. Riseley gave a selection from Wagner's *Lohengrin*, consisting of the "Epithalamium" and "Bridal Chorus," and Elsa's "Bridal Procession to the Cathedral." He also repeated Roedel's "Air du Dauphin."

CANTON DE VAUD, SWITZERLAND.—On the 4th of May a grand musical festival was held at Orbe, Canton de Vaud, on the occasion of the inauguration of the statue of Pierre Viret, comprising, in the morning, a "Cantata de Circonstance," capitolly composed and conducted by M. Küster, and in the evening a miscellaneous concert. The proceedings gave such general satisfaction that we understand M. Küster is to be presented with a silver cup, with the arms of the town and canton engraved thereon.

DERBY.—The Glee and Madrigal Society gave their second concert on Tuesday evening, May 25th, at the Lecture Hall. The concert opened with Elvey's arrangement of "God save the Queen." The "May Queen" (Bennett) as far as "The Hawthorn in the Glade" was then given, and as far as the vocal rendering everything was perfection.

EDINBURGH.—The Sacred Harmonic Society gave an interesting concert in the Music Hall on the 29th May, the pieces being Schubert's Mass in A flat, and Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm. The Mass, sung to the words of the English Communion Service, was fairly well given. In the 42nd Psalm the soprano airs were excellently rendered by Miss Simpson. Fräulein Schubert sang "With verdure clad" with great expression, and was enthusiastically encored. Mr. Geikie conducted, and the accompaniments were given by the organist, Mr. Hartley. On the 4th ult. Mr. Waddell's Choir produced

Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose," and Weber's "Festival of Peace" (Jubil-Cantata). The accompaniments, arranged for piano and harmonium, were played by Messrs. Habely and Lingard.

LIVERPOOL.—SOCIETY ARMONICA.—On Saturday, the 12th ult., Mr. Thomas Armstrong, who for many years has conducted the performances of this association, was presented with a silver tankard, at the Institute, Mount Street.

PARSONSTOWN, KING'S CO.—The Choral Society gave their first concert here on June 17th. The first part comprised Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm and Romberg's "Lay of the Bell;" and the second part included Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin, Op. 24, exquisitely rendered by Mrs. Biggs (piano) and Mr. Arnold (violin). Great credit is due to the conductor for the way in which the choral portions were gone through.

TORQUAY.—On Saturday afternoon, 12th ult., Mr. and Mrs. Grattann gave the second of their present series of four *matinées musicales* at their residence in Torquay. The selection of music on this occasion included pianoforte solos, and duets for violin and pianoforte, by Chopin, Handel, Mozart, and other composers. The programme included Niels W. Gade's sonata, Raff's cavatina in A, and Weber's brilliant rondo from his concertante for piano and clarinet, played by Mr. and Mrs. Grattann on the violin and piano.

Musical Notes.

THE *Contemporary Review* for June last contains a thoughtful and well-written article, by James Sully, on the Opera. It embraces a succinct and unprejudiced summary of Wagner's ideas and theories, derived from reading his "Opera and Drama," and "Music of the Future," together with some criticism thereon. Though confirmed disciples of Wagner will hardly agree with Mr. Sully in all his remarks, his article should certainly be read by all interested in the subject.

It is stated in *Concordia* that the post of succentor and director of musical instruction at Eton College, said to be of the value of £1,500 a year, has been offered to Mr. Joseph Barnby. His acceptance of this appointment, which will not interfere with his duties in London, as conductor of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, as organist of St. Anne's, Soho, and as musical adviser to Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co., will doubtless bring a welcome addition to the income, if it add not also to the anxieties of an already overtaxed man.

THE Musical Association, for the Investigation and Discussion of Subjects connected with the Art and Science of Music (founded May 29th, 1874), and which now numbers nearly two hundred members, terminated its first session with a *Conversazione*, held at 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, on Monday evening the 28th ult. During the past session eight monthly meetings have been held, at which papers have been read and discussed. The subjects of the papers have been as follows:—"On extending the Compass and increasing the Tone of Stringed Instruments" (illustrated), by Dr. W. H. Stone, M.A., F.R.C.P. "On Temperament, or the Division of the Octave" (in two parts, illustrated), by R. H. M. Bosanquet, M.A., of St. John's College, Oxford. "On a suggested Simplification of the Established Pitch-Notation," by Sedley Taylor, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. "On the Application of Wind to String Instruments" (illustrated), by J. Baillie Hamilton. "On the Fallacies of Dr. Day's Theory of Harmony, with a Brief Outline of the Elements of a New System" (illustrated), by Charles E. Stephens. "On Musical Nomenclature," by John Hullah. "On the Principles of Musical Notation," by Dr. Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc., Oxon., organist of St. Paul's. "On Just and Tempered Intonation," by Alexander John Ellis, F.R.S., who also exhibited "a mesotonic harmonium, playing from seven flats to seven sharps, by a new stop-action."

We learn that the list of prizes and certificates in music granted by Mr. John Hullah at the Society of Arts examinations has just been published. The first prize is taken by Mr. D. McGhie, and the second by Mr. W. Millar, both of Glasgow. The ladies' prize is awarded to Miss Louise Dickes of London. The total number of certificates granted is 131, as against 102 last year. The two prize-men are both Tonic Sol-faists, as are also 75 out of the 131 who receive certificates. During the past nine years Tonic Sol-faists have taken eight first prizes at these examinations. The total number of certificates granted during that period is 707, and 438 of these have been taken by Tonic Sol-faists. The examination is, of course, conducted strictly in the old nomenclature and notation. A large proportion of the Tonic Sol-fa students who have obtained certificates have been trained at Anderson's University, Glasgow.

ORGAN APPOINTMENTS.—Mr. Billinie Porter, Browborough,

Cheshire, to be organist of St. Andrew's, Liverpool. Mr. J. Gregory, organist and choirmaster to St. Mary's Parish Church, Birkenhead.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. K. L. PRESTWICH.—Thanks for the specimen of "Roman" music forwarded. A discussion as to how far the ancient Romans were acquainted with the primitive laws of harmony would be out of place in our columns.

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